The Liberalist

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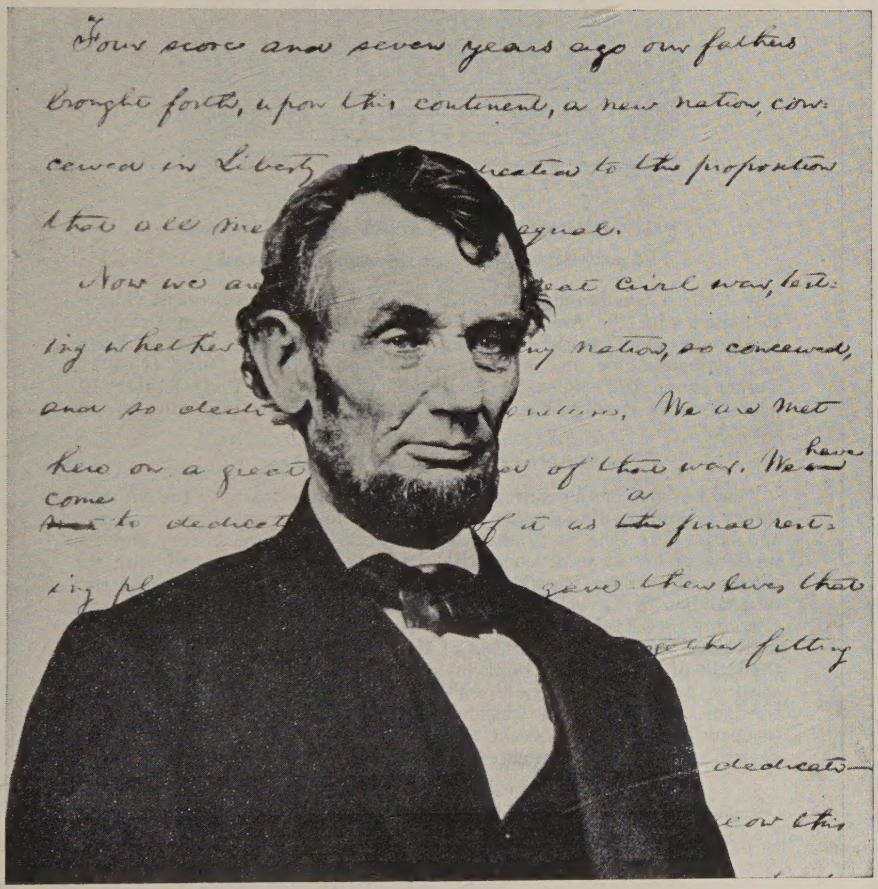
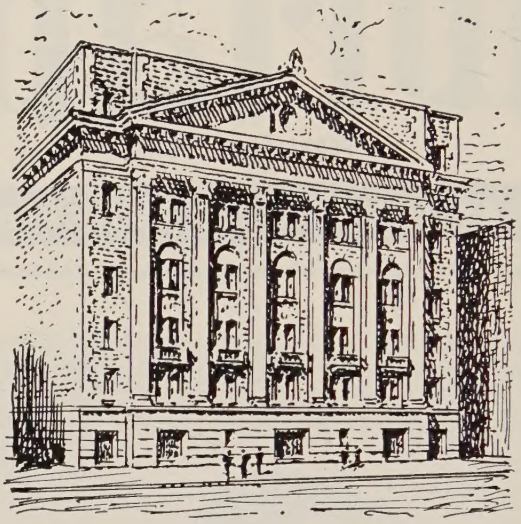


THE EYES OF LINCOLN

Sad eyes, that were patient and tender,
Sad eyes, that were steadfast and true,
And warm with the unchanging splendor
Of courage no ills could subdue!

Sad eyes that were wearied and blighted,
By visions of sieges and wars,
Now watch o'er a country united
From the luminous slopes of the stars.

Walt Mason
(From "1000 Quotable Poems" by Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

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Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

February Book Lecture

Peoples Church Auditorium

941 Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

February 13

8:00 p.m.

"The Nun's Story"

by Kathryn Hulme

◆

Save This Date–

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The 45th Anniversary

of Dr. Bradley's pastorate in the Peoples Church

Make reservations now with church office

Tables of ten—Dinner, $5.50

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◆

The Following Members
Were Publicly Welcomed into The Peoples Church
Sunday, January 6, 1957

Mrs. Anna C. DeVoy,
3927 N. Clarendon Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Dobeck,
1834 Farragut Ave.
Mr. Fred Does,
4623½ N. Damen Ave.
Mr. Stanley A. Fluder,
2347 W. 21st St.
Miss Beatrice Haverstick,
922 Montrose Ave. (from Buena Memorial Presbyterian Church)
Mrs. Max Mackie,
855 N. Drake Ave. (from Central Park Methodist Church)
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Mott,
1420 Kaskaskia Ave., Elgin, Ill.
Mr. Charles A. Strebel,
4831 W. Washington Ave.
Mrs. Mabel Williams,
Naperville, Ill.

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

A RECENT Sunday in our church will long be remembered as one of our most memorable Sundays. Some years ago when I was in London, the Reverend George Grieve, who was then minister of our Highgate Free Christian Church, wanted me to meet the Home Secretary, the Right Honorable J. Chuter Ede. Mr. Grieve had preached for us in our pulpit and for many summers I have preached for him in London. During the last war Mr. Grieve did a great deal of traveling and speaking for the Service Committee. His work took him not only into Czechoslovakia but also to the United States. He had spent a year on a fellowship at Harvard University and had made many American friends.

I was delighted with the opportunity to meet the Home Secretary. At the appointed hour Mr. Grieve and myself went to the Home Office and were soon ushered into the inner office. As the Home Secretary arose from his desk to greet us, I realized immediately I was in the presence of a great personality. He is one of the most impressive men I have ever met, with a quiet dignity which indicates the depth of his culture. It was a never-forgotten experience for me.

We visited about many things and I noticed that resting on his desk, which, by the way, was the same desk at which William Ewart Gladstone sat when he was Home Secretary, was a book. I was curious to know what the Home Secretary would be reading and said to him, "Mr. Secretary, I am interested in the book which you are reading." He said "Yes, and by the way, it is written by a fellow townsman of yours. I am reading 'Attorney for the Defense,' by Irving Stone." I replied, "Not only do I know Clarence Darrow, about whom the book is written, and was at his funeral in Chicago, but the writer, Irving Stone, spent an afternoon wth me in my Study, in an interview concerning Mr. Darrow. I had known Darrow intimately for many years; he had often spoken in our church, and I visited him two weeks before his death. Irving Stone was anxious to talk with me about my impressions and memories of Mr. Darrow, some of which he puts in the book." This aroused Mr. Ede's interest and our conversation was prolonged way beyond the time limit because of our mutual interest in Clarence Darrow.

Mr. Ede, as the Home Secretary, had the final word to say concerning the fate of people who had been convicted of crime and had to give his final assent to any death sentence.

I found him to be a man most sympathetic to the problems of people, but indicating an inflexible attitude when the matter was a question of justice. There is no man of my acquaintance before whom I would rather place my fate than before Mr. J. Chuter Ede.

I asked Mr. Ede if he had ever read the little autobiography called "Farmington," which Mr. Darrow wrote and which covers the first years of his life. He replied he had never heard of the book. I told him when I returned to Chicago I would make an effort to find a copy and send it to him. As with many of Mr. Darrow's fine books, this one has been out of print for a long time. I consider it the best piece of writing which Clarence Darrow ever

did. After my return to Chicago I immediately asked my secondhand book dealer, who makes a specialty of finding rare and out-of-print editions for me, to find me a copy of Darrow's "Farmington." I didn't want to part with my own copy which I have treasured for many years. Several weeks passed and finally my book dealer called me and said, "I have not only one copy, but I have found two." I said, "Keep them both for me." Some time later I picked up the copies and immediately mailed one to Mr. Ede. I received a gracious acknowledgment, expressing his appreciation for my thoughtfulness and for giving him the opportunity to read the autobiography. This incident happened some years ago, but it was the beginning of my admiration for Mr. Ede.

On the occasion of my first visit in the Home Office, through his kindness I was able to attend an important session of the House of Commons, and was given the courtesy of a seat in the Ambassadors' Gallery. From three o'clock in the afternoon until nearly midnight I listened to debates and watched with unabated enthusiasm and interest the parliamentary procedure of the House of Commons. I had heard Sir Winston Churchill the first time here in Chicago, when he lectured at Orchestra Hall. But to hear him and see him at work in the House of Commons made an indelible impression.

The year before last, when our International Congress of Religious Freedom met in Belfast, North Ireland, Mr. Ede gave a masterly address, and at the final business session was elected International President of the International Association of Religious Freedom. He is a member of the Unitarian Church and has long been a distinguished leader and layman in the liberal and free church area of British Life. The International Congress has a leader who will bring vitality and courage to the organization and whose influence will be worldwide.

The next meeting of the International Congress will be held in the summer of 1958 in the City of Chicago, where it originated. I have in my library a book called "The World's Parliament of Religion," which contains the proceedings of the First International Congress held in this city in 1893. I was about five years old at the time, but long before I was out of High School I became familiar with the Congress and its significance and the fact that the leadership of the great religious denominations and movements of the world had gathered in Chicago and in an atmosphere of brotherliness and an honest effort to understand differences, had presented the world with the First International Congress of Religion. It will be a task and a responsibility worthy of the best religious leadership if a program approximating the first one is to be presented. Because the leaders in the International Congress recognize the importance of the Chicago meeting, Mr. Ede arranged a trip to the United States and to Chicago for the purpose of conferring with others in building the program for the 1958 meeting.

When I learned he was to be in Chicago I immediately wrote to Dr. Eliot, the President of the American Unitarian Association in Boston, asking him to invite the Right Honorable J. Chuter Ede to occupy our pulpit on the Sunday morning of his Chicago visit. The invitation was accepted and we were honored to listen to one of the finest presentations of the philosophy of freedom and the meaning of the democratic processes I have ever heard. Mr. Ede spent several days in Chicago, at the University of Chicago, in conferences concerning the program. It is too early for me to give you any of

the details, but from what I already know I am convinced that the Chicago Congress will present a program worthy of the great Congresses of the past.

I have attended the International Congress in Prague, Czechoslovakia; Amsterdam, Holland; Oxford University; and Belfast, Ireland. They have varied greatly in the quality of the programs and I have felt on some occasions they failed to command the attention which they deserved.

Liberal religion is in the ascendency and is growing everywhere in the world. Some of the great mass movements of organized fundamentalism may receive a great deal of publicity but there is a steady growth and a definite renewal of interest in the liberal emphasis of religion.

Listening to the morning service at which Mr. Ede was the speaker on my tape recorder, I was deeply impressed with the thought of the influence of his address on our radio audience. He has an unusual quality to his speaking voice. He projects a deep sincerity and one feels that he is listening to a person who speaks with authority and yet with a sympathetic warmth for those who might disagree with him.

After the service June and I had the privilege of having dinner with Mr. Ede and with Mr. and Mrs. Robert White Mason. Mr. Mason is the British Consulate General in Chicago. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mason are people of great personal charm and are able representatives of their country. Mrs. Mason has been very much interested in the Fulbright Commission, working in the field of student exchange. We had a most enjoyable dinner together. At a time when the tensions in Anglo-American relations are increasing it fortifies one to know that the vast majority of the British people have no bitterness against the people of this country, as the people of this country have no animosity toward the people of Britain. What the officials of either country do is another story. Better minds than mine have long been convinced that it would be an international disaster for Great Britain and the United States to enter into a long period of animosity and disagreement. Personally I am convinced the future peace of the world depends upon an ever-deepening of the friendship ties of the people. The people of the free world share a common destiny and whatever happens to one free nation might happen to all unless we retain our unity and solidarity for peace and brotherhood. Of all the many letters which I received commenting on the visit of the Right Honorable J. Chuter Ede to the pulpit of the Peoples Church, I received only one which was bitterly critical, and this was written on the type of paper and in the manner of writing which would indicate it came from a person of little education, either in the realm of courtesy or understanding of the real problems before the nations.

We are very grateful for the visit of the President of the International Association of Religious Freedom and I hope that when the Congress is held in 1958 it will be possible for our church to welcome him again to our pulpit.

* * *

February is to be one of our busiest months. Just this morning I received from the church office a copy of the schedule of my activities for the month. For many years I have always taken a rest after the Easter services, but last year I decided to take the rest before the strenuous Eastertide. The results were so good, we are going to follow the same plan this year and I will be out of the pulpit the first three

Sundays in March. I had hoped to be away only two, but the itinerary makes that impossible. June and I are leaving on the 28th of February for the West Indies, South America and the Panama Canal Zone. I am going to preach one Sunday in Kingston, Jamaica and one Sunday before our fellowship in the Panama Canal Zone. I visited the fellowship on my first visit to the Panama Canal Zone some years ago. I have never been to Haiti or Martinique and both of these places will be visited while we are away. I will be back in the pulpit on March 24th.

For the first two Sundays in March our church is going to have the opportunity of hearing once again the Rev. Waldemar Argow, Minister of the Peoples Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mr. Argow needs no introduction to our pulpit. He has served it brilliantly and successfully in the past. He is a preacher of distinction, a writer, and last summer made a trip around the world. I have known him since early childhood and his father and mother, the Rev. and Mrs. W. Waldemar W. Argow. His father is minister to the great First Unitarian Church of Baltimore, Maryland, the church in which William Ellery Channing preached a sermon which has come to be known as the Emancipation Proclamation for Religious Freedom. Mr. Argow is a graduate of Antioch College and Harvard Divinity School. He is active in the State of Iowa in the field of mental hygiene and has been prominently identified with many civic interests in his own city. He has hundreds of friends in our congregation and in our radio audience. I have no anxiety whatever about the Sunday services when I realize he is in the pulpit. I hope that you will give him unlimited co-operation during my absence. He will meet the responsibility of the pastoral demands by visiting the ill, performing marriage ceremonies and supplying words of comfort at funeral services. He will live in our home while we are gone, and will always be available wherever his services are required by arrangements with the church office. His subjects will be announced in the daily press and I know his sojourn among us will be one of inspiration and encouragement.

On the third Sunday we will hear again from the Reverend Virgil Kraft, a member of the radio commission of the Church Federation of Chicago, and associated in the work of FM station WSEL, which re-broadcasts our Sunday morning service every Sunday evening at 9:30. Dr. Kraft filled our pulpit most acceptably the Sunday I was speaking in San Francisco, and will have a vital message for you.

* * *

The evening on which I gave the book review on "The Nun's Story" by Kathryn Hulme, in our church, we had the most severe storm of the winter. I cannot remember an evening quite like it. It took us more than an hour to get from our home to the church, a trip which usually takes 15 minutes. On the way June and I discussed the attendance. I was certain there wouldn't be anyone present. I didn't see how they would get to the church. The outer drive was filled with cars when we left our building, which had left the loop an hour before, trying to get folks home for dinner.

You can imagine how delightfully surprised I was when nearly 100 people were present at the book lecture. This convinced me that hundreds more would have been present had the weather conditions been different. All day the next day our phones were ringing, asking if we wouldn't give the lecture again; so I am going to do something which I have done on only

two other occasions—repeat the book lecture—and on Wednesday evening, February 13th, at 8:00 o'clock, I am not going to review the book I had planned, but will review "The Nun's Story," by Kathryn Hulme. I feel that this is due the many who wanted to hear the lecture but who found it impossible. It is a most interesting book and it is no mystery that the book has been for weeks at the top of the best-seller lists in America.

* * *

We were all delighted with the response to the appeal which I made for clothing for the Hungarian refugees. I made only one announcement at a Sunday morning service and that evening at the 7:00 o'clock service more than a ton of warm, good clothing was brought to the church. They were two days packing it in substantial wooden cases and the next day it was on its way to our warehouse in New York City.

* * *

On a recent Sunday evening Stanley Pieza, Religion Editor of the Chicago American, spoke to us on "An Eye-Witness Report on Hungary." The offering that evening was to be devoted to the Hungarian relief. The response of our church in this matter is most gratifying.

* * *

Well, my space is gone. I hope to see you often during the month of February and above everything else—put it down in your calendar now,—Monday evening, April 1st, 6:30, Grand Ballroom, Conrad Hilton Hotel, for what I hope and pray may be the greatest event in the forty-five years of our being together.

"COURAGE"

Sermon By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

January 6, 1957

THERE are three kinds of courage—physical courage, intellectual courage and spiritual courage. I shall not, within the confines of the sermon this morning, speak about physical courage—that is almost too obvious and unnecessary to the thoughtful person. I will not even speak, only perhaps incidentally, of intellectual courage, although intellectual courage is far less frequently expressed than physical courage. Most people have a great deal more physical courage than they have intellectual courage, and it requires a greater quality of character to manifest intellectual courage than it does physical courage. Most of us react rather spontaneously to the necessity for physical courage. The principle to defend ourselves under assault or under danger is a universal principle and we react to it almost automatically. We are all pretty well equipped when it comes to physical courage. There are few cowards in war even though their inner awareness may be revolting to the tragedy of war itself. So I'm not going to spend as much time on the physical aspect of courage as on intellectual courage, which is much more rare and much more difficult and requires much more character for a person to possess it, than does physical courage.

Intellectual courage involves the

(*Continued on page* 10)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

IT would not be an exaggeration to say that of all the millions and millions of the peoples of the world who have lived and died since the recorded history of mankind began, no single individual of any race or culture, with the exception of the Poet of Galilee, has ever had more consideration or attention given him than has the life and character and personality of Abraham Lincoln. To have plowed your way into the morality and ethics of a civilization within a hundred years after one's death is an achievement unparalleled in human history. If we were to stop for a moment and make a contrast, and I hope I shall not be misunderstood in this analogy, we observe that even in the character of Christ himself, he did not impress the contemporary generation of which he was a part. Three centuries elasped before his life and character impressed the world.

No man in human history so quickly after he had lived his life became the focal point of all the moral and ethical beauty that it is possible for the human consciousness to conceive, until when one stands in the presence of Abraham Lincoln, one is aware that even though he has not slumbered a hundred years in his own tomb, he has implanted himself in the hearts of the ages. To live the kind of life that is so impressively great that one is virtually accepted for that greatness in a large part of human society indicates a quality of soul, a degree of character, that cannot be considered, analyzed, looked at or emulated too often in our daily experiences.

When we talk about the world's great, we must always consider the universal quality in our estimation of that greatness. Truly and eternally great people are great in every area, in every era, and in every culture. Greatness is not a qualitative attribute which can be possessed by races, by creeds, by nations; true greatness is always universal. That is why the geniuses of the world in every civilization and in every race always had the universal appeal. The great creative minds in the field of literature are accepted in every field of literary expression by every race and nation.

I believe there are moments in human history when God steps into the affairs of men. And when such a moment comes, you will see a person-

ality arise whose contribution in that moment may make our vision clear. And though there may be much about him that will subject him to criticism and antagonism, as there was with Lincoln, the work is done and the personality lives.

How insignificant would the character and spirit of Lincoln become if we were to try to put it into the mould of one church, creed or religion! Abraham Lincoln knew not the narrow sectarian boundary lines of creed or church; he belonged to them all and he belonged to none. It is only in the divine paradoxes of life, when one can belong to them all and belong to none, that you sweep the universal in the mind of the eternal. He stood above the little, petty emphases and quarrels and theological bickerings of quasi-illiterate people. The fear and superstition that motivated so much religion had nothing to do with Lincoln. He stood above them all in his great sweep of the universal.

Why do great and eternal men live? Why do Socrates and Plato and Christ and Lincoln live? Why are they more alive now than they have ever been? Because they are eternal, and eternal men don't die, and eternal principles don't die. And the civilization that stays will be the civilization built upon those eternal principles.

One sent out his ships to earth's farthest shores,
And brought to his coffers the Orient's stores;
The wild desert sands
Became gold in his hands,
And the world called him Genius—and wondered.

. . . . .

One looked on a suffering, down-trodden race;
He wept as he gazed on each troubled face;
He heeded their plea,
And he set their hands free;
And the world called him Brother—and loved him.

(The poem is from Thomas Curtis Clark's tribute to Lincoln in his poem "The World's Verdict")

COURAGE

(*Continued from page* 8)

willingness and the capacity to think for one's self—and that is one of the rarest things in the world, particularly in a civilization where mass media, through television, through radio, through illustrated magazines, through the constant increase of throwing the reality of life at people pictorially, influences the mind of man to lose its quality and its virility for individual thinking. Mass formation is the danger and the jeopardy of every democracy in the world today! The mass mind is never a courageous mind. The mind that is willing to think for itself, to offer expression and opinion for itself in the great problems of our civilization of theology, of education, of religion, is the rare mind. There is very little individual heroic thinking being done in the world today! And the individual mind that thinks for itself and possesses the courage of individual thinking will be an outcast mind. It will not fit in with the crowd; it will not be a part of the mob; it will never be popular; the thousands will never rally to it. They rally to mediocrity; they rally to incompetency; they rally to the easy; they respond to the comfortable and their great awakening is to the principle of security! That is the attitude of the great mass and it is one of the greatest obstacles before the development of democracy in the world today!

If you want to be a lonely individual —think for yourself! If you want to be socially ostracized—think for yourself! If you want to be politically an exile—think for yourself! If you want to stand in the lonely places in which great heroic minds of the past have stood, and you want to join the procession of the great adventuresome yonder-minded minds of human history—think for yourself! But if you want the safety and the protection and the security of the mass, and you want the ease, even of popularity, do not think for yourself—let someone else think for you! Let a newspaper; let a church; let a creed; let a person—let them do your thinking for you and you will be safe and you will be comfortable and you will be secure!

If you have the intellectual courage to use all the potentiality of your own minds in order to discover the greatest discovery available to the mind of man —what is truth—then I beg of you—think for yourselves! But I warn you —it will be dangerous, and you will be lonely! For the great minds of the ages who have thought thoughts that have not been thought before and are willing to put those thoughts into articulation are lonely minds—they are lonely people! So you have to choose between the crowd and your own intellectual integrity. All honor to the person who chooses his own intellectual integrity.

I see so frequently these days, when people are conforming to patterns of thought in religion and education and politics, and are running riot in mob and mass formation, losing their individuality, minimizing the dignity of the personality, while they become numbers and cogs instead of individual minds,—I see that young man, Wendell Phillips of the City of Boston, son of one of the richest and most powerful families on Beacon Hill, standing in front of one of the Beacon Hill mansions one night while a mob of Bostonians inflict tragedy and horror upon a black man and a slave. And Wendell Phillips, the young man with everything to lose and nothing to gain, became the great voice of abolition and plowed his personality not only into the North but into human history and took his side by the side of Abraham Lincoln!

That cost Wendell Phillips something. It cost social prestige; it cost alienation from his family; it cost social ostracism, but he threw it all aside and will live in the history of freedom as one of the greatest assets of this assailed principle of freedom—intellectual courage!

But the kind of courage in these closing moments with which I am most concerned is the courage to be yourself. Blessed is the individual who has made up his mind to be himself; who is not going to pattern himself after the media of society, not even respectability, but is willing to be in the revolution of life. It's a great moment in the life of a person when they stop being a copy-cat; it's a great moment in the life of a person when they discover the integrity of their own inner personality; it's a great moment in the life of a person when they become a personality—not an individual—a personality! And there is very little personality today manifested in the ranks of people. It's a great moment when you find the courage to be yourself—for each of you have within you powers of reality that you've never tapped.

There are people listening to me at this moment who are stronger than they know; there are people in this congregation at this moment who have latent powers they never dreamed they possessed! They are unused powers,

unrevealed powers! The Master of Galilee and of men's souls, He understood this truth when He turned to the man who by external manifestation was the last man in the world to whom you would naturally assume he would say: "Simon, thou art Peter". And what is the Greek word? "Peter"—that's the Greek word for "rock". "Simon, thou art rock" and Simon never knew it! And it wasn't until the revelation of the depth and quality of his own soul was revealed that he became Peter the Rock! But the latent Peter was in the soul of Simon right from the beginning. So it is with you, and so it is with me.

I shall never forget reading in one of the unforgotten sermons of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick where he said: "I can recapture at will the memory of a great night in the theater, when I saw the great Sir Henry Irving play the part of Shylock. I can hear", says Dr. Fosdick, "across the years the peculiar quality of that agonizing expression when he came back to his house and, pounding upon the door, said 'Jessica, Jessica', and realized that his daughter was not there." The agony that crept across the face of Sir Henry Irving as Shylock, Dr. Fosdick said, he shall never forget. And at this moment I recall the play THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, (and I have seen all the Shylocks for the last fifty years in the theater on both sides of the Atlantic); and that great moment when David Warfield, in perfect silence, walked from the courtroom scene, threw his shoulders back and put his head high, and walked out of that scene never saying a word. But the inside courage was indicated in the great power of projection.

And now listen to Ellen Terry. I never saw Ellen Terry; I never saw Sir Henry Irving, but I have been in Ellen Terry's home just outside of Tenterton in Kent in lovely England. And as I went through her beautiful home and held in my hands the wardrobe in which she had played so many of her beautiful plays, I could hear Ellen Terry say again, "Sir Henry Irving, at the beginning, couldn't even walk on the stage, he couldn't even talk—he couldn't even make a gesture!" But something happened to Sir Henry Irving, and the potentiality of his genius gave full expression to itself and he became one of the greatest of a great profession. "Simon, thou art Peter"!

BOOK CHATS

A SHORT while ago, at a Saturday luncheon of the Friends of Literature, held in the Club Room of the Art Institute, Ruth Stephan spoke briefly about her novel, *The Flight*, published by Knopf. It was necessary for her to leave before the program was over, but in those brief few moments I felt I had met a very interesting personality — one who would be her individual self under all circumstances — a thoroughly poised individual who would never conform merely for the sake of conforming. This would mean that she would be particularly adapted to write of Christina, Queen of Sweden in the 17th Century, the daughter of the great Gustav Adolf.

The author told us that Christina

and the 17th Century had interested her for twenty years and that she began collecting rare books on the subject long before she began to write the book.

Ruth Stephan is a poet, whose poems have been published in various little magazines in the United States, England, Peru and Italy, including *Poetry, Forum* and *The Tiger's Eye*. From 1937 to 1943 Mrs. Stephan headed The Library Committee for book selection of the Library of International Relations, Chicago; was the Editor of the avante-garde magazine *The Tiger's Eye* in New York from 1947 to 1950. Her previous books are *Prelude to Poetry* (1946), a book of poems, and *New Poems from Peru* (1948), translations with an introduction, in *The New Directions Annual.*

The Flight is Mrs. Stephan's first novel. She has been devoted to writing it for the past five years, two of which were spent in Europe doing research.

The publishers say that "so deeply has Mrs. Stephan entered into Christina's mind and soul that she has triumphed over this severe challenge to the creative imagination. In a certain not insignificant sense, she seems to become the Swedish Queen as one reads this rich and absorbing book."

The publishers speak of this novel as an *inward* story and that for this reason Mrs. Stephan made it into a novel. It is historical fiction, and the highly dramatic outward events are set forth with absolute accuracy.

Strange rumors and prejudices have persisted about Christina for three hundred years. Why did she never marry? Was she a controlled and dedicated Catholic? Was she an unstable egomaniac? The author makes her a very human being.

Christina's father, Gustavus Adolphus, was the military champion of Protestantism in Europe in the 17th Century. For thirty years and until during Christina's reign, there had been war. The nobles claimed it was a religious war, but Christina noted that there were Catholics and Protestants fighting on both sides and could not feel that ambitions were not playing a huge part in it.

Christina had been brought up as a Prince by her father; had the finest scholars for her teachers and was mentally and physically in many ways like her father whom she adored. He had wanted a male heir, but was devoted to Christina and had her trained in physical sports and especially in horsemanship.

I felt when I had finished this beautifully written book that the mystery of why Christina abdicated and why she became a Catholic, though she had been brought up in an atmosphere of militant Lutheranism, was still a matter for each reader to conjecture; but certainly the character, temperament and the actual woman, Christina, herself, was there for me to meet and I found her a very live, flesh and blood person—liberal, broad-minded, intellectual, dynamic.

When I finished the book I was not satisfied, for I wanted to know more about her and I felt that I should like to ask Ruth Stephan to write a novel of the life of Christina after she abdicated. It might be entirely fictional, but I am sure Ruth Stephan could make a grand book out of the life of this woman she had learned to understand so well.

I do not feel that Christina was to become a fanatical Catholic by any means. I was not sure she would be even a devout Catholic. I am sure she had enriched her mind by much reading among the scholars of the entire world of her day—that she hated war

and saw it for what it was, and because she could not make the nobles of her realm and the people who were the influential ones in her government see it or come to her way of thinking—because she was surrounded with the intrigue of those seeking their own ends—the hopelessness of the little she could acomplish as against the great amount she saw was needed—from this enormous problem she fled to feed her mind and soul on the richness of culture she knew lay outside of Sweden. She was liberal hundreds of years beyond her time.

It is fascinating and interesting in the extreme to read of the great souls through all the centuries who were untrammeled and refused to be held back by the pettiness and smallness of little and selfish minds. She longed to come in touch with all the wealth of greatness in art and literature which she had read about. Oxenstierna would have her stay always within the confines of Sweden. She sought Truth and she must be free.

Then too, they would force a loveless marriage upon her; one she could have loved chose one more beautiful and feminine than she. Sweden needed an heir. I am sure had she been able to follow the dictates of her heart instead of the choice of the nobles, Sweden might have had an heir. Since this was not possible, she gave the inheritance over to the one they would have had her marry, leaving him free to marry and produce an heir to the throne—yes, she even selected a Queen Consort for him — this man who pleaded with her to marry him while she was Queen.

Christina was a good Queen; she brought an end to the Thirty Years' War. The common people loved her and she loved them, but her nobles did not love people—they loved their power—and the majority of them knew naught but war as a means of conquest—no thought of mediation occurred to them—only conquest, devastation and destruction—and the "loot" they could thus gain.

I feel certain that could we know more of Christina's life after her "Flight," she still was a force in Europe. Such personalities do not lie dormant—they do not stagnate. Queen or no Queen. Christina would always be a Queen.

Ruth Stephan's characters dance before your eyes in the vividness of her portrayals. I loved and enjoyed Magnus as did Ruth and Christina both. I thought of the vividness of Dicken's characters as I read this book. Mrs. Stephan displays great power of delineation. And one cannot read "The Flight" without recognizing the vast amount of work and research that lie behind it.

MAKING LIFE WORTH WHILE

By LEONARD HICKS

WHEN AUTUMN COMES

THE similarity between the seasons of nature — spring, summer, autumn, and winter—and those of human life has always fascinated me. The seasons and the years, never pausing, never changing their order, never ceasing to move, seem to have a purpose or pattern behind them, and this in turn provides the preachers, poets and philosophers with all sorts of

opportunities to moralize on what it means.

What, for example, does it mean to have reached one's three-score mark or beyond—in other words, life's Autumn—and, assuming one has led a normally healthy and industrious existence, to find oneself in position to pass judgment on whether or not the adventure has been worth while? To me, personally, it means a combination of privilege and opportunity that I wouldn't forfeit for all the world! Just as nature's Autumn is a time of innumerable harvests, of days that are bright-blue and gold, without midsummer's heat and humidity, of trees that become rainbows, and skies where wind and cloud seldom paint any but pleasant pictures—so the sixth decade of my own life is beautiful with things that none of its other seasons possessed.

Among these beautiful things is a certain kind of wisdom that it takes considerable time for any personality to acquire. Men in their sixties who have lived mentally and morally, as well as physically, have a "depth of insight," a "ripeness of experience," one cannot, for simple lack of living, attain at thirty or forty—and this is among the rewards the autumn years have reserved for them.

"I don't think much of a man," said Lincoln, "who is not wiser today than he was yesterday." (A clue there, certainly, to worthwhile living). And what he meant is made still clearer, I think, by this comment of Starr King's: "The chief difference between a wise man and an ignorant one is, not that the first is acquainted with regions invisible to the second, away from common sight and interest, but that he *understands* the common things which the second only *sees*."

Understanding! There, indeed, is the special gift that increasing years bring in their wake, with power to render life as lovely as autumn renders the many-colored woodlands. For understanding has many other human qualities that combine to make it what it is: patience, sympathy, tolerance, impartiality, judgment, compassion—all of which are products of character-building that time alone can bring to completion.

Life's autumn brings to the man or woman it welcomes still another special gift: ability to distinguish the real values of man's work, play, love, and worship from the false. "Cutting corners," "getting by," "passing the buck," "taking a chance," scandal-mongering—the thousand-and-one petty frailties that flesh is heir to—have been seen for counterfeit long ago, and the indestructibles of life, like love, friendship, trust, loyalty, honesty, hope, and courage, have, by the time autumn comes, gained continually deeper meanings. . . .

So never fear the years, you who may have been deploring their passing, and long again for spring and summer! Autumn has a pomp and glory all its own, at once different and better, depite all the cynics may say. Be grateful you have lived to see it; be thankful for the quieter winds, the calmer days, the serener sunsets, the kindlier company of books and friends, that, for any reasonably hale individual, it has kept in store and now releases. To the man or woman who has made worthwhile the earlier years, these later ones, I can truthfully affirm, will prove the best of all—for life has a harvest-time as gladsome as nature's own . . . and this is it!

* * *

The above article by Leonard Hicks was enclosed in a letter written on stationery of the Congress Hotel, Chicago, executive office, for Mr. Hicks is Vice

President and Managing Director of The Congress. His letter follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was good seeing you the other evening on your way to Dayton. I hope you had a very successful trip.

I am enclosing the article which I wrote some time ago, "When Autumn Comes," and as I celebrated my 70th birthday on November 6th this article you may find interesting.

Looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you Sunday and with all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,
Leonard Hicks,
Vice President and
Managing Director

Mr. Hicks enclosed also in his letter an article by his friend, Clayton Rand:

HERE and THERE
with Clayton Rand

BROKE ON COFFEE BREAKS

With 35 million workers in the United States now averaging one coffee break of 10 minutes a day, coffee-vending machines have become big business with one company grossing $20,000,000 a year. They grew in popularity as economizers for employers when the coffee break was stretched into 30-minute loafing periods.

It has been figured that the average manufacturing company spends most of its working day paying off the costs of doing business, with only 19 minutes left in the day in which to earn a profit.

The break-down shows that the average company on the eight-hour shift operates three hours and 55 minutes to pay for materials and supplies; two hours and 19 minutes to meet wages and salaries; uses 43¼ minutes to pay taxes (local, state and federal); 29 minutes for repairs and replacements; 14½ minutes for promotion and research; and when all is done this average company has only 19¼ minutes left to earn a profit. *And only one-half of this 19¼ minutes of profit is paid out in dividends, the other half is retained for re-investment in the business.*

Many of the big companies are able to pass on increasing costs to their customers, but it's mighty thin pickings now for many a small business; and never pooh-pooh small business, which handles nearly half the nation's manufacturing volume, employs 55% of our labor and comprises 93% of all manufacturing establishments. *If the going ever gets real rough a little fellow could easily go broke on coffee breaks.*

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THE Public Health Program of the Woman's Club, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Walter J. Springer, held January 7th, was unusually interesting to me. I say unusually so, because ordinarily I am too complacent about matters of general civic interest. And I think this complacence is more or less a universal disease.

The Red Cross showed a film of some of their work, especially in flood disasters this past year. With this we are all fairly familiar because of the publicity all these national emergencies receive in the press.

The next part of their Health Program was of special interest to me for many reasons. Mr. Clifford Lyon, past president of the Midwest Chapter of the Hemophilia Association, was introduced, showed a film presented by this national association and then gave a talk on the problems of the Hemophiliac.

I recalled how, back in 1951, at a Sunday morning service in The Peoples Church, Dr. Bradley had made an announcement which went out, not only to the audience present in the church that morning, but to the great listening audience over WJJD, the station which for many years has broadcast the morning service, that Mr. Clifford Lyon, of 2612 Lakeview Avenue, himself a victim of Hemophilia, would like to get in touch with other sufferers of this disease in the Chicago area, for the purpose of banding together to help themselves.

On that Sunday Clifford knew about five other Hemophilia sufferers. Now, a little over five years later, he is in touch with 310 in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana and Western Michigan—the territory served by the Midwest Chapter.

Advised by his doctors that he would subject himself to many a setback by attempting the extra load of work—the building up and forming a Midwest Chapter—Clifford undertook the task, almost single-handed, of attempting the job—to build a chapter of the sufferers themselves, who would set about seeking ways to help themselves and all others they could reach, who needed to feel there might be some hope for them in this world, not only that their suffering might be alleviated, but that perhaps some day, as in the case of other baffling diseases, a cure might be found, if only the means for research might be established.

"Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied,
That 'maybe it couldn't', but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it."

In his sermon on "Courage" on the first Sunday in January, Dr. Bradley used the above poem by Edgar A. Guest. Nothing could be more appropriate as applied to Clifford Lyon than this verse.

Acting as Founder, President, Secretary, yet without at first holding any of these offices, he "buckled right in . . . as he tackled the thing." He wrote letters, to right and left, to north and south and east and west. He prepared articles on the disease he wanted to combat. He made speeches anywhere he was allowed to. He talked to doctors; to friends; to clubs; to business houses. He spared no effort, he neglected sleep to answer emergency calls. He contacted hospitals in an attempt to get immediate help for sufferers where needed. He acted as a one-man emergency unit, to the detriment of his personal affairs, his livelihood, his health.

With enormous difficulties confronting him at every turn, with handicaps any other person would have found sufficient excuse for giving up the battle, he ploughed his way through, until finally the Midwest Hemophilia Chapter won some prizes for achievements and for contributions to the National Association. Then came their first Annual Dinner, with

Dr. Bradley as Guest Speaker, Armand Quick, M.D., from Milwaukee, Dr. Carroll L. Birch, of Chicago (who studied tropical diseases in Africa and reorganized the medical schools of India in recent years) and many other medical men and women in attendance; with Mr. and Mrs. Morris B. Sachs among the honored guests, and 150 people (Hemophiliacs, their families and friends) as participants in this first public celebration of their work together. This past year they held their third Annual Dinner, with 225 in attendance.

During all this time a plasma bank has been established at the Chicago Blood Donor's Service, at 2056 N. Clark Street, and some of our church members have made appointments there and given blood, specifying it to be intended for the Hemophilia Bank.

An emergency transfusion room has been started at Grant Hospital, 551 W. Grant Place, and medical friends were invited to form a Medical Advisory Council; medical reprints on the latest developments in research on Hemophilia have been sent out, and many other helpful advances for the sufferers have been made.

General meetings are held four times a year, and at these they have had medical speakers.

Their proudest achievement is that the Board of Directors has just O.K.'d the opening of a Hemophilia Clinic to take care of the sufferers in the entire area, on an out-patient basis, the Clinic being open twice a month, every other week, with a diagnostic center, orthopedic service for the crippling caused by this disease, a dental service that will also include rubber-band extraction of teeth of hemophiliacs, and pediatric and adult out-patient service.

The Secretary of the Midwest Chapter is Mrs. Edgar M. Armstrong, 472 Deming Place, phone DIversey 8-2303.

Their next meeting will be held February 10 at Fullerton Presbyterian Church, 600 W. Fullerton Parkway.

"Someone said that it couldn't be done"—

* * *

For our first letter from the Mail Bag, we take this one from our church members, Eph and Thordis Osterberg, parents of that fine young man, Pfc. Robert Osterberg, whose name is on the Honor Roll of our church. We think the following two letters will be entirely self-explanatory without any further word from us:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Our hearts were deeply touched by the letter you received from Mrs. Smith, of San Mateo, California, and how we thank you for permitting us to read it.

It brings to memory the poem "I shot an arrow into the air—it landed, I know not where," etc.

In the twelve years since we lost our Bob, we have received magazines, trade papers, books, letters, all quoting from Bob's "Ideal World." Strangely enough, when we hear something concerning him, it is always on a *significant* date. Just twelve years ago today, on December 11th, we received the heartbreaking telegram: "Your Government regrets," etc., etc.—and this morning your kind letter came.

The Holidays are always difficult ones for you and yours, Dr. Bradley, as they are for us. But, we can do no less than try to make those around us happier and keep the thought in our hearts and minds that those we have lost and loved so dearly, will in *some* way understand and rejoice in our humble efforts at *keeping our chins up.*

We will surely see you during the holiday season in Church, and once again, bless you Dr. Bradley and

thank you for your thoughtfulness.

Sincerely,
Eph and Thordis Osterberg

* * *

The next letter is the one which Dr. Bradley had received from San Mateo, California and had sent to the Osterbergs to read:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

When I read in one of our daily papers that you were coming to San Francisco to lecture at Town Hall, I knew I would let nothing interfere with my being there.

I attended the forum at which you spoke years ago in the Empire Room at the Palmer House and with my husband attended your church many, many times while a resident of Edison Park in Chicago.

Both my husband and I were in attendance at your church the Sunday you read the essay, "The World of the Future—My Ideal," and the poem "The Armour of God," by Pfc. Robert Osterberg.

We were impressed by the depth and dignity of both articles, to be written by one so young, and on reaching home immediately wrote you requesting a copy of each, which your secretary, May H. Harrison, was kind enough to send us.

While his parents must surely be of high ideals to rear such a lad in this world of turmoil, he like every other being was influenced by the life of others who have gone on before us.

What further proof do we need that we never die? I need no other. For this lad speaks to me every time I read his articles and I often get out my album in which I keep them and read them over and over.

Just as he speaks to me, though I never had the good fortune to meet the young man, so Thomas Jefferson spoke to Robert when he wrote, and I quote: "Equal and exact justice to all men."

Robert would never have recognized the quality of these words had not his fine parents, along with his church and fine pastor guided him in the right direction.

As always my husband and I enjoyed your lecture. After the lecture my husband remarked "I'm sure everyone enjoyed Dr. Bradley's talk." I replied, "Yes, I did, but how do you know everyone did?" He answered, "It has been raining hard all day, the air is damp, and so are everyone's clothes, but there wasn't a cough or clearing of the throat in that vast audience all through the lecture."

God bless the parents of Robert Osterberg, and may you have many, many, more years before the public, for it is people like you who are gems in this world.

Respectfully yours,
Mrs. Mina R. Smith

It is easy to recognize why Dr. Bradley wanted the Osterbergs to read this letter.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Our heartfelt thanks on behalf of the residents and the Drexel Home for your inspiring sermon last Friday evening. Our residents have always held you in high regard and we feel quite close to you and know that you have always held true to the highest values of mankind. Our residents are still talking about you and the message offered at this, their Chanukah season.

I know that the full impact of your message will be felt by all of us, and we wish you the very best of health and happiness in carrying forth your mission.

With kindest regards,

Ben L. Grossman,
Executive Director

In a world where we regret the rate of divorces among married couples, it is very beautiful and reassuring to those who would like to believe in the enduring quality of marriage, to read the following fine testimonial to a happy marriage. The letter was written after the passing of the husband:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

As I listened to your sincere and honest portrayal of your good friend and my beloved husband, incidents in Ben's life passed through my mind, fitting each of the attributes so beautifully expressed by you.

My forty-one years of association and partnership with Ben have rewarded me with a fuller, finer life, and the principles Ben instilled in me will guide me through the years ahead.

To have had Dr. Bradley's true and loyal friendship was a cherished possession held close to Ben's heart up to his last hour.

Ben was truly a great person, a good citizen, a friend of friends and a loving and devoted husband. I shall miss Ben so very much.

May I enclose a token of appreciation.

Sincerely,

Irene Felix

The above letter was written by the widow of Mr. Benjamin Bates Felix, industrialist, retired president of the Featheredge Rubber Co., and a resident of Dundee township for the last 20 years.

* * *

Mrs. Maude Knowlton, of Evanston, sent to Dr. Bradley a clipping in regard to Gottfried F. Ottmar, 89, who was photographed as he cast his 18th ballot in the U.S. presidential election. Mrs. Knowlton wrote:

Enclosed you will find a picture of F. Ottmar, sent to me by my Aunt, who lives in the same town. I sent her a copy of the recording you made for him to be used at his funeral, and ever since, if she sees anything in the paper about him she sends it to me. I sent you a clipping of his being ill and in the hospital about two years ago, I believe. Well, it looks as if he is still going strong! and I hope *you* will, also, for many more years to come.

I am very happy to hear the bazaar was a success, as I try to help as much as I can to make it so.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Maude Knowlton

You will remember that a few years ago Mr. Ottmar asked Dr. Bradley to preach his funeral sermon so that he might be sure to have a service by Dr. Bradley when he passed on. Mr. Ottmar is keeping the tape for that eventuality. The service on the tape is complete, with music and entire service, and Mr. Ottmar has heard it himself.

* * *

My dear Dr. Bradley:

Thanks for coming to the ceremonies attendant upon my induction as a Judge of the Circuit Court of Cook County. I appreciate your having participated in the program and I am grateful to you for your kind and generous remarks.

All were agreed that you stole the show.

Best regards.

Sincerely yours,

Jacob

The above was on stationery of Judge Jacob M. Braude, of the Circuit Court of Illinois, Cook County.

* * *

Dr. Bradley held the funeral service for Mrs. Beulah Buck Fogelman, of the Wellington Arms, recently. Shortly before her passing, she had written this letter to Dr. Bradley and enclosed a poem she had written:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am just out of bed long enough to write this note and to enclose check for my Thanksgiving offering. How could I endure much longer without your sermons? You and yours have been very good and devoted friends for years—enclosed a word of sentiment—"To a Friend," meaning *you*.

I've been invited out to my grandson's home for Thanksgiving dinner, but will not be physically able to go—21 kinfolks invited and seven *great*-grands, but I shall remain in my little 2 by 4, and try to count my blessings, and I know I have a few.

God bless you and yours, Doctor, and may there be a *time soon* when you can stop by for a little visit, regarding "my last curtain call."

As ever your friend,

Beulah

Following is her poem

TO A FRIEND

When twilight steals upon me—
At the setting of the sun,
'Tis then I count my blessings—
And the friends that I have won.

I think of Eternal Friendships,
Of which I have a few;
Your image stands before me,
So I know that *one* is you.

The link 'twixt mortal and Divine
Is found in friendship's chain;
And in the time of stress and doubt
I always call your name.

I hear your words of counsel,
Of Hope and Faith and Cheer;
So when the darkness gathers
I feel that you are near.

I pray to keep this friendship
As a gift from Heaven above;
To strengthen me when hope is gone,
To cheer and urge me on.

In memory's shrine I hold you,
The finest of the fine;
You will always be to me "the link"
'Twixt the Mortal and Divine.

Beulah Buck Fogelman

* * *

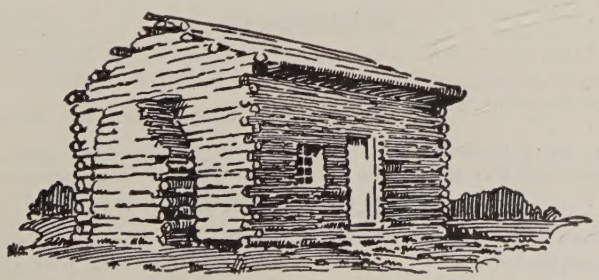
Edith Thomas (Mrs. David H.) sent in a grateful note regarding the funeral services which Dr. Bradley gave for Beulah Buck Fogleman and included this poem:

Happiness

Happiness is like a crystal
Fair and exquisite and clear,
Broken in a million pieces,
Scattered far and near.
Now and then along life's pathway,
Lo, some shining fragments fall,
But there are so many pieces
No one ever finds them all.

You may find a bit of beauty,
Or an honest share of wealth,
While another just beside you
Gathers honor, love or health.
Vain to choose or grasp unduly,
Broken is the perfect ball,
And there are so many pieces,
No one ever finds them all.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!



DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

DECEMBER

1—Luncheon, Hamilton Hotel, with Dr. Frederick Eliot, and Rt. Hon. Chuter Ede, of Great Bitain.
Wedding

2—Sunday morning service at which Rt. Hon. J. Chuter Ede, former Home Sec. of Great Britain, gave an address.
Dinner with Mr. Ede, British Consulate General, Robert W. Mason and others.
Sunday evening sermon.

3—Luncheon with Chicago Congregational Ministers, Y.M.C.A.

4—Address. Edgemere Woman's Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel.

5—Sick calls

6—Annual Reception and tea to Chicago Authors who have published books during 1956.

7—Funeral
Cut record for WCFL Vesper Service.

8—Two weddings. One at Highland Park.
Annual Christmas Tea, Friends of Literature. Art Institute.

9—Morning and evening sermon, Peoples Church
Broadcast. WCFL. Vespers
WSEL. Morning service re-broadcast

10—Funeral
Sick calls

11—Address. Uptown Chamber of Commerce, Annual Dinner, Edgewater Beach Hotel
Radio conference

12—Cut record, WCFL, for Sunday Vespers.
Annual Award Luncheon, Chicago Commission on Human Relations
Address. Men's Club, Sinai Temple

13—Address. Civic Lecture Series, Civic Theatre, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

14—Address, Joliet Woman's Club, Joliet, Illinois, in Universalist Church

15—Funeral
Visited opening of Drake's New Funeral Home

16—Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Communion
Christening
Annual Choir Concert, "The Messiah," and Choir Social hour following

17—Funeral
Sick call
Woman's Club Meeting, Anderson Hall

18—WCFL. Cut record for Sunday Vespers
Work in Study

20—Address. Men's Club. Faith United Church, Park Forest, Ill.
Work in Study

21—Annual Christmas Party of Church School

22—Two weddings

23—Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Annual Candle Light Service, Peoples Church
Wedding

24—Cut record, WCFL, for Vesper Service
Wedding
Christmas Eve Sermon.

27—Funeral
Sick calls

28—Work in Study

29—Address, Iroquois Memorial Service, Chicago Public Library
Wedding
Sick calls

30—Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Evening Sermon

31—Funeral
Sick calls
Watch Night Service Sermon, Peoples Church

FUNERALS

7—Beulah Buck Fogelman
10—Mrs. Jessie Glenna Elya
15—Mrs. Evelyn Peterson
17—Mrs. Anna K. Cornelius
27—Mrs. Adeline Zoehrns
31—Frank Carlisle

WEDDINGS

1—Joan Mary Clark and Joseph D. Barron
8—Diane Knudsen and Reagnold Wolff
Karen Louise Swanson and George Holt Bates
22—Isabel Cooke and Gilbert Olander
Louise Murphy and Harold G. Schoen
23—Mrs. Helen M. Korinek and Robert A. Radous
24—Peggy Metelka and John Iovinelli
29—Ethel C. Ohrmund and John W. Corrington

CHRISTENINGS

9—Bradley Charles Malvica, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Malvica
16—Pamella Elizabeth Hiles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hiles

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.
Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
Morning Service Re-broadcast, WSEL, 104.3, FM, Sunday..... 9:30 p.m.
Vespers Broadcast, WCFL..... 5:30 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lecture, Feb. 13, in the Church Auditorium, 24th Season, "The Nun's Story," by Kathryn Hulme, will be repeated ..... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Feb. 4, Literature Department, Mrs. Mark W. Bradway, Chairman, will present Mrs. Clyde Bassler in a Book Review. Music by Mr. Clyde Bassler, accompanied by Irma Rounds. Hostesses: Mrs. Helen B. Eddins, Mrs. H. B. Spencer and Mrs. Willis Hitchcock ..... 1:00 p.m.
Tues., Feb. 19, Annual Birthday Party and Reception to New Members. Chairman, Mrs. W. L. Jones; Co-Chairmen, Mrs. H. H. Lurie, Mrs. Carl Marrinello, Mrs. Wm. Kroll. Program by the Committee ..... 1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Women's Club—Mon., Feb. 11, at the Bowman Dairy Company, 4125 N. Kostner Avenue (4400 West), a "Burn-the-Mortgage Party." Donation $1, including refreshments. Door and table prizes for bunco and all card games. All members and friends of the church invited ..... 7:30 p.m.
Sun., Feb. 24, in Anderson Hall, Mrs. Ruth D. Paintin, of Hinsdale, will show colored slides of her trip through Switzerland and Norway. Everyone invited. Refreshments served. No admission fee. Program Chairman, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter. Hostesses: Mrs. Florence Curtis, Mrs. Lou Hangel, Mrs. Helen Eddins and Miss Elvira Keegan ..... 4:00 p.m.
Men's Club—Tues., Feb. 5, the Men's Club, their male friends and members of the Church congregation are invited to be guests of the Men's Club of Temple Scholem, in celebration of Brotherhood Week. Dr. Bradley will be guest speaker, and the Bennetts (Frank and Cathryn) and members of the choir will join Temple Sholom choir in furnishing the music ..... 8:00 p.m.
Tues., Feb. 26, the Men's Club will hold an open meeting (ladies invited) and will present Rev. Waldemar Argow, of The People's Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who will speak on "Passport to Adventure," and will show colored slides of his last summer's trip around the world. Refreshments. Guest fee 50c ..... 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. *In Memoriam.*
Channing Club for young adults. Announcements in church bulletins.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed.....9:30 a.m.
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
WCFL—New program by Dr. Bradley, Vespers Broadcast—Every Sunday..... 5:00 p.m.
WSEL—104.3 FM Sunday Morning Service Re-broadcast..... 9.30 p.m.

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